

Soon after settling in to ordinary routine after the Xmas holidays, we sustained an overwhelming attack of influenza which laid us all in bed except Father and Auntie. I think Harold started the epidemic and probably brought it from town... He had to turn to and nurse us and he proved a very efficient man nurse in some ways and Denis was good in others.

At Easter we had lovely weather and most of the family had rare good holidays. [*Theodora and her mother go to Exeter and Ilfracombe and Lynton.*]

There have not been many events in the public world of late. This year we are busy praising great men whose silent advent distinguished 1809 – Darwin, Tennyson and Gladstone. Parliament has been struggling with the Licensing Bill ... [*it*] was ignominiously turned out by the Lords ... which exasperated liberal reformers.

King Edward the Peacemaker has entertained the Czar of Russia for the Cowes Regatta. I think all English police officials must have breathed a thankful farewell when his Imperial Highness sailed safely out of British waters – for he was an unpopular and a dangerous guest. The East is restless – we hear of riots in India and wars in Persia. Turkey has developed a “young Turk” party and forced the old Sultan to abdicate and is now going ahead vigorously with reforms. China lost her young Emperor and the old dowager empress almost simultaneously. Her rulers are opening

“The East  
is restless”



### A motor car ride

*Ford introduced the Model T (Tin Lizzy) in 1908, and it was mass-produced in various countries including England. In 1910, the cost of a Ford Model T was £220. Theodora mentions her first ride in a motor car in 1909: “Auntie and I went to lunch with Miss Ince and Mrs. Jones at Tilford... Miss Ince has a beautiful little garden estate down there which she is developing. She also has a motor in which she drove us home seven miles right over Hindhead in half an hour! a new and delightful experience.”*



their doors to Western knowledge and all through the lands of the Rising Sun there seems to be expectation and anxiety.

The St. Hilda’s children got up a wonderfully pretty play at the beginning of the Lent term. It was cleverly adapted from the Norse stories by Miss Cooper. The dresses were very charming and the music and dancing of the little elves and mermaids and the cavern scene where little red dwarfs were at work and at play was most effective. The scenery was painted by Anna and Edith Clutterbuck and was much admired.

Our home life has been much enlivened by the near neighbourhood of Mrs. Kelynack or Cousin Vi as we are beginning to call her and dear little Peggy – who has adopted us all as cousins and is a most delightful and fresh playfellow.

I think I can hardly close the record of this year without mentioning the success which has at last attended the efforts of mankind to fly. A machine has at last been constructed by which the inventor M. Blériot – a Frenchman – has flown across the channel and there is now a large meeting of aviators assembled at Rheims for various experiments and races and they say there is to be another in England before long. So the Poet’s dream is coming true about “aerial argosies” [*Theodora is referring to Tennyson’s poem “Locksley Hall”*] – but I hope his prophecy of this new invention being turned to purposes of war may never be realised for it would be too awful to hear:

“the efforts  
of mankind  
to fly”



“The Heavens fill with shouting and there fell a ghastly dew  
From the nations’ airy navies grappling in the central blue.”

No – I hope that we shall attain to the nobler vision when:

“The war-drum throbbed no longer and the battle flags were furled  
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the World.”

I hope the Federation of the World has drawn one step nearer this year, in the successful evolution of the Federation of the South African States, which has been an Imperial problem fraught with every kind of difficulty – but which we hope now is on the point of being realised.

